

William Penn Nixon  
A Tribute



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**William Penn Nixon**







WILLIAM PENN NIXON

Proceedings of the  
**Testimonial Banquet**

Given by the  
**Old Inter Ocean Boys' Club**  
To their Former Chief

**William Penn Nixon**

At the Palmer House, Chicago, on the  
Evening of  
November 22, 1904



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## HOW IT CAME ABOUT

At a casual meeting of three or four of the old Inter Ocean boys during the early fall of 1904, the conclusion was reached that it would be a good idea to organize a club, to be composed of the members of the Inter Ocean staff serving prior to 1880. Suiting the action to the word, the Club was formed, and baptized the Old Inter Ocean Boys' Club, and officers elected as follows:

George B. Armstrong, President.

W. J. Irvin, Treasurer.

Thomas O. Thompson, Secretary.

Thomas C. MacMillan, Chairman Entertainment Committee.

It was at once decided that the first official act of the Club should take the shape of a banquet to our former chief, William Penn Nixon, a man whom we all revere with a tenderness that is shown toward an honored parent, for Mr. Nixon was, indeed, the father and guiding spirit of the old Inter Ocean family. The banquet was given at the Palmer House on the evening of Tuesday, November 22, 1904, and was, in every detail, a highly enjoyable affair.

The most entertaining feature of the evening was the reading of letters from the old Inter Ocean boys who were unable to be present, but who were with us in spirit, and who testified to their touching regard for Mr. Nixon in the messages that were sent.

The proceedings of this banquet are published not only as a palpable evidence of the fondness of the old Inter Ocean boys for their chief, but because they will be an eloquent reminder of one of the happiest epochs of their lives, when the enthusiasm and energy of youth tinged every phase of life with a rosy hue.



## BRIEF SKETCH OF WILLIAM PENN NIXON

William Penn Nixon was born at Newport, Wayne County, Indiana, the son of Samuel and Rhoda Nixon. The parents were Quakers, and the father was a prominent figure in the Abolition movement in the West. From both his parents Mr. Nixon inherited those sturdy traits of character which have given him so strong a personality in his later years.

At the age of fourteen he was placed in an academy in Ohio, where he remained two years; after this he attended the Quaker school at Richmond, Indiana, and in 1854 he graduated from the Farmers' College in Cincinnati. A four years' course in the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, from which he was graduated in 1859, finished his education. He returned to Cincinnati and entered upon the active practice of his profession.

In 1864 he was elected to the Ohio Legislature in which body he served two terms. With his brother, Dr. Oliver W. Nixon, and other friends, William Penn Nixon started the Cincinnati Chronicle. He sold out his interest in that journal in 1870 and came to Chicago in 1872, and located here as business manager of The Inter Ocean. He was the controlling spirit of The Inter Ocean from that date until 1898, a period of twenty-six years of journalistic activity.

Mr. Nixon was president of the Western Associated Press for several years, and afterwards was president of the Associated Press. He was president of the Lincoln Park Board of Commissioners, and the Republicans of Illinois honored him in 1896 by naming him as delegate at large to the convention at St. Louis that nominated William McKinley for President, a fitting climax to a long and honorable career.

He was appointed Collector of Customs at the port of Chicago by President McKinley in December, 1897, and was reappointed to the same position by President Roosevelt in December, 1902.

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ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT,  
GEORGE B. ARMSTRONG

My Old Friends and Associates:

It was a happy thought that suggested to a few of the old Inter Ocean boys, who had met casually and were talking over youthful days, the organization of a club to renew the memories of the good old times that are gone, and to freshen in our mature years the recollections of a delightful epoch in our lives.

It was an equally happy inspiration that moved the club to give to our honored chief, William Penn Nixon, this testimonial banquet, not only as the outward and visible sign that we reverence him as the years muster about his head, but that not one has forgotten the courtesy, the consideration, and the anxiety that guided him in all of his relations with us.

William Penn Nixon has kept this delightful feeling alive in us all. He has done this because his personality is one to preserve the revivifying sensation, and his simple and sturdy character gives it strength to flourish in spite of the hard environments of our modern life. As I look back to the old days, as I take a mental retrospect of the time when we were all so earnestly aiding to build up a great newspaper, that one figure, the figure of William Penn Nixon, looms before me, radiant, I may say, with all the traits that mark noble manhood. There is no exaggeration in these terms, my friends, nothing that is not a healthy and a robust sentiment. For we all know what a pure man William Penn Nixon always has been. None of us can remember hearing from him an expression that a refined Christian gentleman would not use.

No unclean word, no profanity, ever sullied his speech. His self control was perfect. It was marvelous: the more so when we stop to think of the heavy burdens that for so long a time he had to carry. In the incomings and the outgoings of his daily contact with us he was a model for each one of his subordinates; and in the many years since the good old days when he was literally the axis upon which we all revolved, he has by his irreproachable career continued to be a model worthy of emulation.

His loyalty to his employes was another grand feature of his character. We felt safe in the discharge of our duties. We knew that so long as we fulfilled the trusts imposed upon us to the best of our ability we would be protected in a way to develop further devotion on our part. This loyalty buoyed us and stimulated us in our desire to make an influential newspaper, and opened our eyes to ideals that have aided us in our maturer efforts. It was such traits that warmed into life the germs of manliness, because the healthy youthful mind is ever impressed with the nobler characteristics shown by those who lead and direct us. Unconsciously, therefore, Mr. Nixon was our teacher. How many of us who were associated with him have not been impelled, if not shaped, in some of the phases of life by those mental and moral forces that made him the man to be honored, and trusted, and admired by the citizens of this great city.

The language of sincere admiration, my dear Mr. Nixon, based on the personal knowledge and faith following years of close association in the springtime of life, when the faculties are alert and eager; and the ever-increasing respect of a fuller belief when the autumn of life comes, never is adulation. It is the phraseology of an honest and enduring and sympathetic friendship, firmly based on the tender and mellowing recollections of the past, the more charming because the fruitage is so natural. Purity, modesty, earnestness, high ideals, sincerity,

loyalty, consistency, honesty of purpose, an unimpeachable and inflexible integrity—these verbal strokes, drawn with a free hand, present the man in outline. The filling, in detail, makes the individuality the more attractive and symmetrical.

To us all Mr. Nixon was as a father. That is the one word that best defines the relations then existing between him and his "boys." And I am sure that the memory of that parental solicitude abides with us all even to-day. We were his "boys" in fact as well as in name. We were attached to him, not as an employer who desired to squeeze out of us every drop of our energy and every bit of our physical vitality, but a kindly, forbearing, generous soul, who encouraged us and led us by a firm yet gentle hand, and with a cherishing spirit, to understand what was due to him as an employer, and to the newspaper that he raised to so high and so large a place in American journalism. Can any one say that William Penn Nixon ever asked any more than he was willing to give? Let each one of you put to himself the question. There is not the shadow of a doubt in my mind what the answer will be. In the health and in the sickness of his employees he was more than the watchful employer; he was the affectionate friend, the gentle father.

To Mr. Nixon the journalism of this great nation owes much. It owes a greater obligation than ever has been expressed. The obligation may be conceded, but those who, after many years of exhausting and never-ceasing toil, have reached the heights of human effort, are hungry for recognition. Sometimes that recognition comes in a gratifying form and degree. Sometimes it is withheld from the successful toiler whose achievements help to make and shape history. Fortunately, Mr. Nixon has been recognized as the last survivor of the great sextette of editors that made Chicago newspapers famous the world over. He has been praised as the last of the great editors of this part of the country whose perspicacity, ability, trenchant

pens, energy, and integrity, in professional as well as private life, commanded public confidence as well as public respect. He is the last one living of the great Chicago editors,—Joseph Medill, Wilbur F. Storey, Hermann Raster, Andrew Shuman, James W. Sheehan,—men who were potent factors in shaping the destiny of Western civilization. When the history of the journalism of the United States shall be written, no editor will be accorded a more spacious place than William Penn Nixon, and in the history of Western journalism his will be one of the supreme positions. And why? Because the great daily that he built up was merely the reflex of the man whose fundamentals were truth, sincerity, gentleness, and honesty combined with an indomitable ambition. His conscience was as responsive to the immutable principles of right and wrong, to the meum and the tuum of commonplace existence as the sensitive plant is responsive to the blast of the rude and chilling wind. He conducted his newspaper on the lines of absolute fairness. No man was ever deliberately wronged by Mr. Nixon. No man with a grievance was ever turned away from him without satisfaction. No man with a just claim to redress was ever disappointed when such redress was asked. William Penn Nixon's traits were mirrored in his paper. That one fact made The Inter Ocean a power in the land.

This is the man—only the briefest outline of his upright and amiable personality—whom we honor here this evening. In honoring him we honor ourselves, for the appreciation of high phases of manhood bespeaks the generous and discerning nature. It is pleasant to immerse ourselves in the memories of the past, and to be stimulated with those exhilarating remembrances of our boyhood days, when every object is tinged with a golden hue. The golden hue is too often transmuted into lead as we progress along life's pathway. The body becomes jaded, the energies are consumed, the ambition recedes, the mind loses its sprightliness and its cheerfulness. The best

that we have left us is the joyous recollections of youth, when work was a pleasure and hope suffused every task with a ruddy tint. We turn to these memories as the weary man longs for rest. Happy then is he who has such blithesome memories as we have to regale him; so many grateful and animating associations to dwell upon. Thrice happy is he who can call to mind an employer so helpful, so generous, so elevated in mental and moral excellences as our tenderly regarded chief, William Penn Nixon. We to-night are like a family of grown sons sitting with their revered father, who in the gathering years of his life, has lost none of the compassion, none of the interest that he displayed for each one of us when we were enthusiastic workers under his care, and full of the refulgence of impetuous youth.

My sincerest wish—and I am sure that it is the wish of you all—is that this reciprocal and cordial affection may endure in its present warmth, binding us together like a family so long as there is life in the old Inter Ocean boys, and crystallizing in the richly merited sentiment: May God bless and protect our honored chief.



## RESOLUTIONS OF AFFECTION

At the close of Mr. Armstrong's address he read the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

In the recollections of the members of the Old Inter Ocean Boys' Club, our honored chief, William Penn Nixon, is held in the tenderest regard. We remember him as a generous, a sympathetic, a helpful, and a considerate employer; one ever ready to lead us with firm and gentle hand into the higher paths of life, and to aid us in establishing those ideal standards of work and living of which he was in so large and so full a sense the worthy exemplar. His name will ever be fresh in our minds as that of a model Christian gentleman, who in every word and deed reflected the pure, the compassionate, and the elevating spirit, whose irreproachable life was molded on broad, liberal, and charitable lines, and whose every effort was in the direction of the betterment of the life around him.

We remember William Penn Nixon more as a kindly and considerate father than as an employer. His deep interest in the old Inter Ocean boys, who aided him in the building of a great newspaper, can never be forgotten in our maturer years. To us all it has been and now is the source of sincere gratitude. Therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the members of the Old Inter Ocean Boys' Club express to our revered chief, William Penn Nixon, an earnest solicitude for his health of body, and repose of mind, wishing him all the prosperity and genial surroundings that bring comfort;

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be adopted as a token of the affectionate esteem that animates us as individuals as well as a Club, and that leads us all to hope that life's choicest blessings may be showered upon him.



## TOASTMASTER WM. H. BUSBEY'S ADDRESS

Mr. President and Comrades: I have been sitting at the council table of the Inter Ocean for a good many years. Therefore I feel very much at home here in this circle of old Inter Ocean boys. I came to The Inter Ocean from the Tribune in April, 1876. On the Tribune I had been engaged in work which Mr. Medill regarded of importance, and in which he took the keenest personal interest. When I learned through William Henry Smith that a position of considerable promise on The Inter Ocean was soon to be vacant, I called on Mr. Nixon. I have good reason to remember the cordiality of my reception. Mr. Nixon said frankly that the position was open, but in outlining the work made it clear that I would be expected to do the same work on The Inter Ocean that I had been doing on the Tribune.

This seemed to me like changing flags too suddenly, and I was troubled by the thought that Mr. Medill might regard the transfer as a sign of eagerness on my part to assist a rival. Mr. Nixon divining what was in my mind, I explained fully. He said that he appreciated my feeling in the matter, and advised me to state the case unreservedly to Mr. Medill. I did so, quoting what Mr. Nixon had said. To this Mr. Medill replied: "I like that. Nixon is a good fellow and a good newspaper man. I offered him a good deal more money than he is making now to come over here, but he preferred hard work on a new paper to comfort on a well-established one. You tell Nixon it is all right; but that I will expect you to help me out occasionally." All of which I did, by consent of Mr. Nixon, my double duties contributing to a better understanding be-

tween the two editors, and, I believe, winning for myself one of the finest friendships of my life.

I soon became much attached to The Inter Ocean. Wherever I went I found it had won the loyalty and excited the enthusiasm of Republicans, and had won the respect of Democrats. This was true in Iowa as well as in Illinois, and I found as the years went by that even in the South I met a hearty welcome, because the Southerners regarded Mr. Nixon as a hard hitter and a fair fighter. Everywhere I went I found that the character of The Inter Ocean and the personality of Mr. Nixon assured me of the friendship of all Republicans and considerate treatment from all Democrats. That others employed on the paper had a similar experience is shown in the letters received from old Inter Ocean boys scattered over the world. These reminiscences and testimonials of regard are all tributes to the worth and wisdom of the man who made The Inter Ocean the great Republican newspaper of the North-west.

I cannot add to the eloquent tribute paid Mr. Nixon by our president, but as he spoke there came to me scores and hundreds of incidents, plain matters of fact, tangible things which illustrate traits of Mr. Nixon's character and qualities of his heart and mind, and which speak louder even than the most eloquent words. When I think of his tenacity of purpose and his devotion to principle I remember that Grant said to me at the great Warren meeting in 1880, when I was presented to him as the representative of The Inter Ocean: "Mr. Nixon is as loyal a friend as a public man ever had, and his paper is a bulwark of Republicanism."

I remember that John A. Logan said after the campaign of 1884: "If I were to be a candidate for President I would rather have the support of The Inter Ocean than any other three papers in the United States." I recall the midnight visit of A. M. Jones to The Inter Ocean office, the night before the election in 1884, when he said to Mr. Nixon: "You were

against Senator Logan in the convention, but he wants me to say that you have done more for the ticket than any other newspaper in the West, and, no matter what the outcome, he wants me to express his appreciation of your great campaign for the party."

I can never forget that Conkling joined Garfield at Mentor in praise of Mr. Nixon's courage, fairness, and tact, and that Blaine complimented him for the fight he made for Garfield in 1880 and for Blaine himself in 1884.

I remember that when the Chicago newspaper men were presented to General Beauregard at New Orleans, his eye lighted at the name Inter Ocean, and he said: "If our people fought for our policy as your editor fights for his, we would win. We like a fighter."

And there were hundreds of Democrats in Chicago to speak in the same spirit.

If I think of Mr. Nixon's relations to those who served under him, there comes before me a long line of printers, ordered out on a strike, each one stopping to shake hands with him; I see the editorial corps and city staff waiting at the crisis, like children hovering about a sick-room, to learn if "the old man" is coming down on his feet and swinging their hats over a favorable turn in affairs; I see Mr. Nixon as the adviser of those in trouble, the comforter of the sick, as well as the organizer of a great newspaper; I remember that he printed the first special cable dispatch ever published in a Chicago newspaper, that he was the first publisher in the West to use illustrations in a daily newspaper, that he established a high literary standard for daily newspapers, and that his policy was always American and always Republican.

Remembering his long service, his years of hard work, his devotion to principle, his kindly interest in those who worked with him, his affection for myself, I count it a privilege and an honor to introduce William Penn Nixon.



## RESPONSE BY MR. NIXON

Mr. Toastmaster and Members of the Old Inter Ocean Boys' Club:

I need hardly say that I am delighted to meet you at your first official function. I anticipated a warm greeting, but you have gone so far beyond my expectations, that my heart is in my mouth and words fail me. Whatever I may have thought of saying to you is gone, lost in the tempest of memories and emotions which your exuberant words of affection and compliment have awakened. You can hardly know how highly I appreciate your kind and flattering words. They mean more to me, coming from you, than from any other body of men in the world. You have no cause for dissembling nor for conciliation on account of things to come. It is of the past which we all know that we think and talk of to-night, and we cannot afford to be anything but honest with ourselves.

The association of the Inter Ocean staff was a close one, and we each had opportunity of knowing each other, that is rare outside of the family circle. I understand that this Club is organized to keep alive the memories and friendships of those earlier days, and I am glad that it is here, and trust that it will long remain to brighten our lives.

The Inter Ocean staff was peculiar in its intense loyalty, both to its chief, and to the paper itself. Every man desired to aid in building up the paper. It was not each one striving for himself, but each one rivaling his fellows in effort to bring the paper to the front. It was this spirit, inspiring the whole staff, that pushed The Inter Ocean to the front rank of journalism, in spite of sharp competition and many serious difficulties.

Some of you will remember when in 1875 the paper was sold under a mortgage given in the midst of troubles in 1873. Myself and friends bought it in, and not a member of the staff deserted me. They all believed in its ultimate success, and were ready to aid in securing it. At another time it was necessary, because of financial troubles, to make considerable reduction in salaries, but not a man threw up his commission. I am pleased to remember that that reduction did not last long. The periodical "shake-ups" that were reported to occur in some of our contemporaries never occurred in *The Inter Ocean*.

*The Inter Ocean* came into existence at an important era in the history of Chicago, March, 1872. The ashes of the disastrous fire of the previous October were yet hot when the first number of the *Inter Ocean* was issued from a building that stood on the lot now occupied by the great Auditorium. Mr. J. Y. Scammon, the founder of the paper, was an intense Chicagoan. He had abundant faith that the city would rise from its ashes, greater and stronger than ever. He spent \$1,000,000 in rebuilding property destroyed by the fire. In his enthusiasm for the city, he was advance agent of the Two Million Club. Looking over a large tract of land that he had in the southern part of the city, then unimproved, I asked him what he was going to do with it, as it seemed to me a very unpromising investment. Waving his hand over it towards the city, he replied, "Two millions of inhabitants." The expression and the feeling he threw into it impressed me. Years afterwards, when I attended his funeral at the same place, I found the land I then thought of such little value covered with beautiful residences, and I remembered his prophecy. At its inception, Mr. Scammon inspired the paper with this Chicago spirit, and it never lost it. The influence of *The Inter Ocean* in building up the city, developing its parks, boulevards, and schools, and aiding in everything for its betterment, is generally acknowledged.

The influence of The Inter Ocean, too, in national affairs was something to be remembered with pride. This was the reconstruction period, and the South was in a great turmoil. Klu-Klux clans and carpetbagism seemed destined to overturn all the good that had been done, not only by the war, but by the peace work afterwards. No paper took a braver stand or did more heroic work in putting down the Klu-Klux clans and in defending the emancipated negroes. Its work in this regard gave it a national reputation. No paper in the North was better known in the South than The Inter Ocean, but in our severity of condemnation we always tried to treat the people of the South with fairness, and when their passions had passed away, they acknowledged that no paper was fairer to the people of the South than The Inter Ocean, and I have found in late years, in traveling in that part of the country, that my connection with the paper was a good introduction among the best people there.

Protection now has become not only one of the leading tenets of the Republican party, but an established policy of the nation, but in the early days of the Inter Ocean it was in great jeopardy, especially in the Mississippi Valley and the Northwest. The Chicago Tribune and the Chicago Times, the two most ably edited papers in the Northwest, were both against protection. A tariff for revenue only and tariff reform was their cry, and the whole tendency and spirit of the papers were against protection of American industries. Their circulation was very large, and they impressed their ideas on the papers throughout the Northwest. Many of the Republican press were being led astray by them. The Pioneer-Press of St. Paul, an able paper, was, in the matter of protection, but an echo of the Chicago Tribune, and the Globe-Democrat of St. Louis was very little better. Thoughtful Republicans were alarmed at the situation. The Inter Ocean came to the rescue, and took up the fight in a systematic, earnest effort. Arrange-

ments were made by which the daily Inter Ocean was sent to almost every county Republican newspaper in the Northwest. Great effort was made to get the weekly Inter Ocean into the hands of all the farming community, and that edition of the paper soon reached 100,000 copies, every one of which went into the homes of the people. We spent money and gave a great deal of attention to the question of protection, and it was not many years before the tide began to turn, and long before the election of 1884 there was a complete revolution of sentiment, and the Republican press of the Northwest was almost a unit for protection, and in this way the whole Mississippi Valley was prepared for the coming of McKinleyism and all its benefits. You all ought to remember this great work of the paper. It was one of the most important works ever done by any newspaper.

But you know all these things, and more, for time would fail me to tell of all the good things the old Inter Ocean and its boys are responsible for. We know it aided in putting many good men in office and in keeping some bad men out. While it strongly opposed Democratic politicians and Democratic policies, it never denounced any man because of his politics. It was always radically Republican, but its fairness to political opponents secured for it the confidence of many Democrats who were regular readers of the paper. You will recollect they used to say, "We like you because we always know where to find you."

I am glad to say that the grand old paper around which these historic memories cluster still lives and prospers. It has withstood the stormy years and still presents the appearance of an athlete eager for the fray. Long may it live!

In conclusion, I wish long life and happiness to this Club and its members. May there be many such reunions as this, keeping fresh the memories of days well spent that will never return.

## ADDRESS BY A. C. THOMAS

It is certainly a great pleasure to me to be one of the many who do honor to William Penn Nixon to-night. Like a good many other people, I do not care to give a clue to my age, but I claim to be one of the oldest friends of Mr. Nixon at this board. I have known him longer, perhaps, than any one else present. I knew him when he was a boy in Newport, Wayne County, Indiana. He is of old Abolition stock—an ancestry whose acts were guided by honor and principle. His father, a member of the "Old Guard" of many years ago, and still remembered as director of the "underground railroad," was associated with my grandfather in the work of looking after fugitive slaves. And that is how I happen to know William Penn Nixon so long. He was reared in the same town where my parents lived, and was known as "Willie" Nixon. "Willie" and "Ollie" (I presume you will recognize the doctor, now called Oliver W.) were sports in their younger days—great marble players, and wasted a great deal of time in trying to get the alleys and taws of the other boys. They spent so much time, indeed, playing marbles that some of the old Abolition neighbors had an interview with their father, and the upshot was that Willie and Ollie were sent to a college where they were schoolmates of Ex-President Benjamin Harrison.

As I have known him, William Penn Nixon, in his public as well as his private life, has always lived up to the principles of his forefathers—to be just to all men, to work at all times for principle rather than fortune. He has always been a true friend to those who know him, and could be depended upon absolutely under all circumstances. He has ever had at heart the good of his city, of his country, and of the newspaper profession.

While I am not acquainted with The Inter Ocean's cashier, I have been a member of its staff through my connection with the Associated Press. Since the spring of 1874 I have done my part in gathering in the news of the United States and the world for The Inter Ocean; so I claim to belong to the "special" staff. And I am proud of this, since it gives me the opportunity to join with the members of the regular staff to show appreciation of the character of William Penn Nixon.

## B. FRANK HOWARD

Mr. B. Frank Howard, long time commercial and financial editor of The Inter Ocean, was the next speaker, and recounted in an interesting array of statistics and facts the growth of Chicago at the time the paper passed into the control of Mr. William Penn Nixon up to a recent period. He traced the marked influence The Inter Ocean had had in inspiring confidence in the markets of Chicago among outside shippers who were uncertain as to the ultimate effect of the great fire on the commercial position of the city, and pointed to Mr. Nixon as the one inspiring figure in the upbuilding and perpetuating of confidence in the city's future.



POEM BY WM. HUDSON HARPER

“ TO WILLIAM PENN ”

The hour is late, the closing rush-word set,  
The wide world's message girds the flying wheel:  
The living pass. My word must *now* be said—  
Ho! stop the press! I'll print the love I feel.

I stood with others by thy side of yore—  
The right place held by him who whitens now—  
I saw no triumph fire thee with base glee,  
I saw defeat ne'er pale thy placid brow.

Steadfast and calm, thy course held by the stars,  
The nation's welfare was thy constant goal;  
Whene'er thy bugle clarioned to the West  
All men confessed there spoke an honest soul.

And followed, too, to bulwark up the land,  
With shop and mill and myriad-teeming farm;  
Foremost thy presence in the council tent,  
Faithful thy vigil lest the Republic harm.

As votes the West thy teachings yet again,  
With freighted galleons bearing wealth afar,  
All men applaud the vision of the seer  
Who hitched his wagon unto empire's star.

Around thee once again on victory's height  
The Old Boys rally to uplift thy hands,  
To pass to eager youth that storm the steep  
Thy newest watchword and thy fresh commands.

But we that know thee know thy newest word,  
It is thy life in patience writ for men:  
No change it suffers, states by it survive—  
Thy word is “honor,” sterling William Penn.

The hour is late, let speed the flying roll—  
We’ve held the press—it may not be again.  
But speed it now and bear our cheer afar:  
“All hail to simple, manly, honest William Penn!”

## REMARKS BY ALD. W. P. DUNN

Alderman Dunn briefly referred to his service on The Inter Ocean business staff during the old days, and paid a handsome tribute to William Penn Nixon's ability as a journalist, his work in the rebuilding of the city after the great fire of 1871, and his uniform courtesy and generous and sympathetic treatment of those under him. Mr. Dunn declared that the Republican party owed Mr. Nixon a debt that was too large ever to be repaid. For many years he was a great and a virile force in the politics of this part of the country.



## REMARKS BY THOMAS C. MAC MILLAN

Men are brought together by chance, but keep together by choice. In the army, soldiers touch elbows with soldiers, and comradeship becomes very close, very strong, very lasting. In the more peaceful pursuits, these elements are, alas! too often wanting. When they do exist, however, they have the strength of strong natures, the endurance of strong characters.

In our relation to Mr. Nixon we came together largely by chance, but remained together by selection. In the circle of which he was the center the companionship was as that of a Table Round, where help found large place and hope discovered ample shelter; and these two went hand in hand like tried travelers along the way.

The goodly company is scattered. Seas and years separate its original members. God's finger has touched some, and they sleep. But the dear presence we so much miss, we shall meet again. Meanwhile, we honor the Chief who has led—yea, who still leads—the band of “boys,” who will always be “boys” till “the last dear companion drops smiling away.”

And to our Chief may I say:

“The way is short, O friend,  
That stretches out before us;  
God's tender heavens above us bend,  
His sun is smiling o'er us;  
A little while is ours  
For sorrow or for laughter;  
I'll lay the hand you love in yours  
On the shores of the hereafter.”



## ADDRESS BY T. O. THOMPSON

It is a pleasure and an honor to be among such a splendid representation of the old members who served in earlier years on the old Inter Ocean staff, here assembled to-night to do honor to William Penn Nixon, the guiding hand, the unflinching supporter of the paper in a period fraught with great events and burdened with most serious problems as to the future of Chicago, just emerging from one of the most dire calamities known in history—the period following the great conflagration of October 9, 1871. The men attached to The Inter Ocean staff were few at the start, but they made up for paucity in numbers by being a highly energetic, and ambitious set, ready at all points to carry out the directing wishes of the head. It was to the brilliant genius that thus directed their energies that I ascribe much of the future greatness of the city. It is within my recollection at this time that on the memorable night of that mighty holocaust I stood upon the north approach to the Clark street bridge upon a large lumber pile, which was to repair the bridge, then closed, and as fellow-spectators of the flames then devouring the Sherman house—having already devastated millions of dollars worth of property and laid to dust miles upon miles of buildings on the South Side—there were George L. Dunlap, Perry H. Smith, A. H. Burley, and others, viewing the fire and each casting up rather gloomy forebodings for the future of Chicago. One declared that he believed that the city would never recover its former prestige and position; another remarked that it would take twenty-five years before the city would even be able to make as good a showing commercially as at the time of that fire; and a third

said that that awful calamity virtually ended Chicago as a great cosmopolitan city.

But men's judgments are not infallible, especially when their losses have been great, and soon the master work done by the guiding hand of *The Inter Ocean*, along with one or two other papers at that period, began to be felt both at home and abroad. Eastern capitalists—for the fire practically wiped out Chicago capitalists, in the strict sense of the term—began to manifest faith in the recuperative energies of Chicago's brain and brawn, and looked with admiration and high commendation upon the splendid courage shown by all of its citizens, as reflected in the able and forceful work done by *The Inter Ocean*, along with other forces of the city, which appreciated the gravity of the situation and the need for wise and judicious treatment of all topics bearing on Chicago's wants under the peculiar emergencies of the time and looked with unswerving faith to its future capabilities. Capital gradually turned hitherward, and Chicago soon loomed up as a magnificent spectacle of pluck and dash, amidst most depressing conditions, and buildings after buildings of fine, stately, and handsome proportions appeared, far outrivaling former ante-fire structures.

In the midst of the universal song of the hammer and saw, wherever the vivid flames had made themselves manifest, the members of the old *Inter Ocean* staff proved a most strenuous set of young men—every one illumed with enthusiasm for his work and anxious to do his duty to the utmost extent. I may truthfully say that the pages of the old *Inter Ocean* of those days will bear ample testimony to the wisdom displayed by Mr. Nixon,—the guiding hand in directing the destinies of the paper and in helping on the speedy restoration of the city. Those were certainly trying times, and had it not been for the able treatment of all questions touching municipal matters the great wealth which poured into the city would never have

been forthcoming, and the city's rebuilding might have been delayed far beyond the period predicted on the North Clark street bridge approach, but as it turned out, through the splendid brain and executive capacity of Mr. Nixon, confidence was a most distinguishing feature of the old Inter Ocean in all its utterances of that day, all of which served to strengthen the investment of Eastern capital. The course thus pursued by the paper naturally served to assure its own permanency and popularity, and gave the falsehood to predictions that the venture of the paper into the newspaperdom of the city would prove as sinking an investment as the old Republican had been. But brains overcome all obstacles, and The Inter Ocean went on in its uninterrupted course of prosperity and success.

Chicago thus prospered and The Inter Ocean prospered with it as a natural consequence of its loyal support of the city's rebuilding and faith in the energy and honesty of its people. I remember the many flattering comments made upon the ability, energy, and enterprise the paper displayed, and everybody commended the wisdom of the Hon. J. Y. Scammon, the owner of the journal, for his selection of so able and energetic a man as Mr. Nixon as the first manager of the paper.



## LETTERS FROM THE OLD BOYS



*Dr. Oliver W. Nixon*

It is with deep regret that I am unable to be present with you in person, but I will be with you in spirit and renew the memories of a quarter of a century of days, when we were all younger than we are now.

In thinking over that eventful period of our lives, I have often doubted whether there was ever a more loyal, hard-working body of men held together so long, without a jar, or discord, one that had more reason to take honest pride in their service. To-day, I never meet one of "the old boys" (I like the "old boys" term) from the composition room down to the basement; that I do not want to take him by the hand. They were never slow, only needed being instructed in their lines of duty, they ever stood pat, and were always for the honor and success of The Inter Ocean.

For the great work achieved and for the final triumph of principle, for the earnestness and fidelity to the public and in ever looking after the best interest of his co-workers, none can so fully appreciate the work of the editor-in-chief in whose honor you have met as can the young "Old Inter Ocean Boys' Club." It was fortunate that he had such a staff of co-workers about him, loyal and true, as will be represented at your banquet.

As an old associate, at one desk for twenty-four years, I trust I may be allowed a few personal references. Year after year, in the same room, there was associated with me William H. Busbey and Frank Gilbert. Busbey is alive, and it rejoices me to see him still at a laboring oar in the old Inter Ocean. There is no truer man living. It rejoices me, too, to see the paper standing ably and manfully battling for the

principles that have made it a power for good in the land. Let the old boys always stand loyal to the paper. Frank Gilbert was among the manliest of manly men; strong in his friendship, true to principle. To have known such a man well is a treasure in memory for all the days of one's life. There were four others with whom I was in daily contact, whose kindness and thoughtfulness especially endeared them to me. They were, W. J. Irvin, T. C. MacMillan, George B. Armstrong, and J. Harry Ballard.

There were three other men, not enrolled upon The Inter Ocean staff, but in every way worthy of such honor: L. H. Crall of New York, Warner M. Bateman of Cincinnati, and W. H. Bradley, of Chicago. Crall is still living. He never failed, year after year, in traveling the long distance from New York, to be present at the directors' meeting; and by his counsel and other invaluable services, was a tower of strength to the paper. Bateman and Bradley were two noble men, long since gone to their great reward. They were never too busy in their active business lives to help hold up and encourage the workers upon The Inter Ocean.

We are all growing old together. I am past seventy-nine, but don't let us ever age in spirit. Keep an interest in all that concerns your fellows, until "taps" are sounded. Now let us drink old Joe Jefferson's toast: "May we all live long and prosper"; and when the good Father above says "Time is up," may we so have lived and loved and labored that we may join Bryant in his impressive words:

"Go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

*Biloxi, Miss.*

*Elijah W. Halford*

It was my fortune to be the first managing editor of *The Inter Ocean*, getting out the initial number of the paper, thus having to do with the very beginning of things. Conditions were such in the early spring of 1872 that *The Inter Ocean* immediately sprang into a circulation and influence that demanded a division of work and responsibility. It was my privilege to recommend to Mr. Scammon the name of Mr. Nixon for business manager, and I visited Cincinnati, and had a personal conference with him, which resulted in his coming to Chicago in that capacity, he finally becoming the general manager. Mr. Nixon had the tenacity of purpose, the quality of "stick-to-ativeness," and the faculty of bringing things to pass, which made the permanence of *The Inter Ocean*, and especially its constantly appreciating and commanding influence throughout the Northwest, possible and certain.

I remained with the paper but about two years, personal and family reasons causing my return to the *Indianapolis Journal*, upon which paper I began and closed a newspaper service of about twenty-seven years. In that somewhat long service, no years were more pleasant or more stimulating than those spent with Mr. Nixon and our associates in 1872-74. I have always counted it a special honor to have presided at the birth of *The Inter Ocean* into the newspaper world, and to have had the privilege of relation with gentlemen, many of whom remain my personal friends, and are honored citizens of the city and the state and the nation, whose best interests *The Inter Ocean* was committed to in its beginning, and to which it has given and continues to give loyal and effective support. Chief among these is Mr. Nixon, whose intelligent and devoted service and sacrifice to and for *The Inter Ocean* you so worthily commemorate.

I send to him and to you all the expression of my sincere

regard and friendship, with best wishes for a future that must be full of comfort and assurance, growing out of a past of unselfish promotion and practice of the highest type of honorable citizenship.

*Atlanta, Ga.*

*Leander H. Crall*

You do well to honor Mr. Nixon. It was my privilege to be associated with him in the newspaper field in Cincinnati prior to his advent into Chicago journalism. At that time a friendship was started which has grown and deepened with the passing years, and which, please God, will reach beyond the grave.

Most of you have been in constant touch with Mr. Nixon, and have seen him daily during his long period of his activity in Chicago journalism, so I will leave it to others to speak of his distinguished career as a journalist; but none of you, I think, have had more or better opportunities to know the man himself during his career of public usefulness, his many years of service on *The Inter Ocean*, and within the sacred confines of his family life than have been vouchsafed to me—so my word will be only of his personal qualities.

For more than thirty years our relation has been a most close and confidential one. During that time he has passed through many trying periods, many severe ordeals; yet he was always patient, hopeful, and self-sacrificing. He never attributed to his fellowmen a thought of evil intent or act, but always trusted them as he would be trusted himself. He is absolutely without guile and incapable of doing a wrong act. His whole life has been an exemplification of the golden rule. While he always maintained such a high standard of ethics in his business and public life he was really seen at his best in his own home, the atmosphere of which was pregnant with purity, charity,

and love. No one could step within its threshold without feeling its ennobling influences.

To be happily married is the greatest boon which can come to man, and I would be remiss did I not speak of her who has for over thirty-five years shared all the joys and sorrows, the ambitions, disappointments, and successes of Mr. Nixon's life. She has proved herself a worthy helpmate. Ever an inspiration and an encouragement, ever resourceful and ready and with an abiding devotion, she has stood by his side, soothing, comforting, cherishing. No one will ever know what Mrs. Nixon has been to the one you will honor. God bless them both!

*New York.*

*Thomas H. Keeffe*

I think I catch the spirit of the "Old Inter Ocean Boys' Club" in rallying around the "grand old man" of The Inter Ocean. I am with you in heart and soul. I am with you because, in these days, when an insane desire for material gain is leading some men into a wild dervish dance that is trampling higher ideals beneath the sordid heel of greed, it becomes a treat to meet with the men who rallied around William Penn Nixon in planting The Inter Ocean high up on the mountain top of truth, manhood, character, individuality, principle, and patriotism. The gigantic character of that work can be better appreciated when the humble condition of the paper is considered at the time Mr. Nixon took charge of it; hence Mr. Nixon's work in The Inter Ocean was like unto that of the brave captain of a ship who turns its prow towards the breakers and storm clouds which, regardless of personal danger, must be surmounted in order to reach higher results. For those reasons I believe Mr. Nixon's life's work on The Inter Ocean will become a model for future journalism when the press will realize its full mission; namely, that of a second sermon on the mount;

then the press will be the pulpit, the rostrum, the guide of the future. To reach this high altitude of journalism the men in control must grasp the spirit of the mission of the Republic, and conduct the press—that most wonderful lever for molding better conditions—with the same self-sacrificing spirit that the soldier in the battle-field fights for the flag. When that day comes, as come it will, the labors of Mr. Nixon, as the chief who inspired the men of The Inter Ocean, will be a model for the highest type of journalism. Fellow craftsmen, you do well to honor the man who has achieved those great results. In honoring Mr. Nixon you erect a lasting terrace on the pathway of life, which proclaims to future generations the beautiful truth

That the noblest path of life  
Is to labor for our fellow man.

*Chicago.*

*J. Harry Ballard*

So at last I have arrived at the dignity of an "Old Guard." Well, I'm proud of it. The original Old Guard, if memory serves, died, but never surrendered. There is one thing the Old Guard that is to banquet November 22 will never surrender, and that is, not alone esteem, but affection for the grand old chief under whom they served, William Penn Nixon.

This Old Guard, too, seemingly doesn't die, or at least it has been smitten lightly. Men of the Middle West thrive as well on the wave-swept shores of Coney Island as on the prairies of Illinois and manage to subsist about the same on the hog and hominy of the farm as on the fodder handed out in the table d'hôte belt of the effete East.

I had supposed that I could write columns on the matter of the Nixon dinner. There's the trouble; I could. Recollections covering a period of twenty-two years, from January, 1876,

to December, 1897, crowd too quickly. But the reminiscent addresses of those present will be the thing, and I trust, and feel, that they will be as pleasant as are my own memories of service under Mr. Nixon.

And there is another I shall ever cherish, and that is Dr. O. W. Nixon, whose great heart and simple faith I learned to know on the occasion of many fishing trips.

By the way, I hope that "Old Bill" Kennedy and "Johnny" Halloran are with you. If there is such a thing as ultimate reward for day in and day out loyalty—and who shall doubt it?—those two good fellows will get halos.

Now, hail and farewell. Late on Tuesday night, with appropriate surroundings, albeit alone, I will clasp hands, softly hum for "Auld Lang Syne," and be with you in spirit. May the gods be good to you all is my wish.

*New York.*

*Robert P. Porter*

Will you apologize to Mr. Nixon for my bad taste in being four thousand miles away on this important occasion, and express my sincere regret that my ability to be present is so doubtful? No man was more sympathetic and helpful in the early part of my journalistic career than Mr. Nixon, and I am greatly indebted to him for all he did for me. He was always full of encouragement for those willing and anxious to get along in the world. I have letters from Mr. Nixon dated over thirty years ago, and my first work was done for The Inter Ocean in 1873-74.

I became a regular member of the staff in 1877, after my return from a special trip taken for the paper to write up the Pennsylvania railway strikes of that year. So you will see that I am one of the oldest of the Inter Ocean "Old Boys." I never really resigned, nor was I discharged, but was granted a

six months' leave of absence in 1880 to take up some statistical work for the Tenth Census, and although I have frequently contributed to the paper since then, that leave of absence has been extended so long that I suppose many of the familiar faces have disappeared. However, those of us who are left can meet once in a while both in reality, as you are meeting in Chicago, and in spirit, as I join you, though, in the words of the modern critics, I am "breathing the last enchantments of the Middle Ages" in the shades of these old colleges in Oxford.

Will you wish Mr. Nixon, for me, continued good health, prosperity, long life, and all the happiness which he so richly deserves. In this wish Mrs. Porter wishes to be permitted to join. In remembering our former chief, those who, like myself, have been parted so many years from the old-time colleagues who will assemble at the banquet, may be forgiven for sending an additional greeting which shall include you all.

*London, Eng.*

*Elwyn A. Barron*

As there will be no one in the gathering who can have so much personal reason as I to cherish a grateful affection for the rightly named "grand old man" of western journalism, you may imagine the grief and disappointment it occasions me to know that it is too late for me to be represented at the banquet even by an inadequate expression of my feelings. It would have been a keen pleasure to me to participate. I would rather sit at a banquet in honor of William Penn Nixon than of any other man on earth, for reasons that I believe he well understands and appreciates.

There is nothing in my experience more gratifying to my memory than the fact that for eighteen years I was one of The Inter Ocean "boys." The staff in the days of my connection with it was something unique in journalism. Not only were

the members united by ties of the closest friendship, but each one of them felt that he had a direct and responsible interest in the welfare and reputation of the paper. At the base of that feeling of firm friendship and mutual interest was the love and devotion the "boys" felt for their chief. The courtesy, the kindness, the generous sympathy, and the fine sense of fairness that Mr. Nixon manifested toward the boys—not occasionally, but invariably—won from them a respect that time developed into a positive affection. The fidelity of The Inter Ocean's staff to the interests of the paper because of its editor in chief was as a proverb in local journalistic circles. "The Inter Ocean family" was a familiar phrase. It was at first, perhaps, a phrase of half-mocking admiration; but years gave it a proud and valuable significance which your banquet will beautifully and memorably define. There is no successful newspaper man—whatever the position he may have attained—who would not be happy to be like William Penn Nixon, the complimentary guest of a club of his "old boys" that was organized solely through love of him. I know of no other editor who can boast of such a felicitous distinction. I know of none so situated that it is probable he may enjoy a similar graceful honor.

Men may not reveal their tenderest sentiment one for another, nor confess their deepest emotions. A grip of the hand and a laconic speech are usually all that may supplement the testimony of their eyes; but I should like to compress twenty-six years of a peculiarly grateful esteem of William Penn Nixon into a lingering handclasp with him on Tuesday night. Being denied that gratification, I can but envy more fortunate ones, and send him an unwritten thought that I would have him take as a filial greeting. If I won any degree of success in the newspaper field I owed it to the indulgence, I may say the sanction, of William Penn Nixon; but that is the least of my indebtedness to him. I owe him the memory of his friendship at times when a man less generous in character, less splendid in

simple manhood, would have remembered only that he was an employer. Long life and increasing happiness to a good man.

*New York.*

*William E. Curtis*

I have delayed my response to the invitation, hoping that I might be able to accept it, but I cannot go, much to my regret and disappointment. Please ask the boys to remember me, as I shall think of you that evening, and assure Mr. Nixon of my esteem and affection.

When I first saw Mr. Nixon, he was watching Irvin count money in Jonathan Young Scammon's stable, which stood about where the Congress Street entrance to the Auditorium Hotel is now located. It was one Monday morning in May, 1872. Mr. Scammon, being desirous of assembling the greatest minds of the universe to work on his new paper, had asked "Papa" Gosche, the preceptor and at that time the business manager of Theodore Thomas, to recommend a musical critic, and he recommended me. By mail I accepted an honorarium of \$50 a week and went to Chicago. Much to my astonishment and indignation, when Halford introduced me to Mr. Scammon, I was informed that I might go back to Toledo, because he wanted a man instead of a boy to do that work. After a somewhat stormy interview on Mr. Scammon's part, and painful humiliation on mine, a compromise was effected, under which I was allowed to remain as a reporter on a salary of \$25 a week, and was given a chance to try my hand at musical criticism on a Lucca-Kellogg opera season at Aiken's Theatre the next week.

Occupying the table next to mine was Melville E. Stone, a lad of good abilities and energy and an excellent reporter. I have often wondered what became of him. Another young man who impressed me by his aspirations and profound learn-

ing was Thomas C. MacMillan, the best police reporter we ever had, and at the same time the ablest theologian. He was a composite of Thomas Chalmers and Sherlock Holmes.

It is a long time since then, but I feel as young as I did then and can do just as much work. I am sorry I cannot stand up with you when the roll is called to-night, but it seems impossible for me to make the journey. I will be there in spirit, however, and if the Old Inter Ocean Boys' Club meets regularly hereafter, I shall be on hand next time. Meanwhile, let me propose this toast:

That Time, who keeps God's promises,  
Will bring together once again  
Thee and me and all of us,  
For old friends are the best.

*Washington, D. C.*

*Melville E. Stone*

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to participate in the banquet and to testify to the high regard I have always borne William Penn Nixon, but unfortunately engagements in New York city will render it impossible.

No experience in my life has given me greater pleasure and certainly none has been of greater profit than the time I spent on the staff of The Inter Ocean immediately after the Chicago fire, when Mr. Nixon was the publisher and Major Halford was managing editor. It is a memory that will ever remain green and gratifying.

*New York.*

*Byron Andrews*

My eight years' service with The Inter Ocean staff as reporter, foreign correspondent, Washington correspondent, and "de-

partment" editor is the greenest spot in my memory of my profession.

Looking backward I see how great a paper we made, and how many remarkable characteristics it developed in those early days. Faults and shortcomings it had, because it but reflected the humanity that made it.

It was mighty because it stood fast upon moral and living principles, so it recruited a patronage that clove to it no matter what befell.

It saw Chicago grow up from its own dust. It lived through monetary heresies, financial panics, and social upheavals. It has stood at the grave of a score of contemporaries where blasted effort lies buried in the cemetery of Chicago newspapers.

Surely it is no small matter in one's career to have filled even a minor place in the building of such a monument to the genius, earnest purpose, and eager effort of American journalism.

Please present my hearty congratulations to Mr. Nixon and all who may be with you at the banquet. Nothing could be more pleasant to me than to be there and look about on those of whom I could say, "These are the men I've loved and lost awhile and found again."

*Washington, D. C.*

*Cyrus C. Adams*

You have my heartiest wishes that the reunion may be most enjoyable, and that Mr. Nixon may still have before him many long and pleasant years.

The second night of my newspaper life I was picking up personals for The Inter Ocean at the Gardiner House when I was asked to make way for George William Curtis at the register. It was my first interview, and Mr. Curtis' bland

response to the announcement of myself as an Inter Ocean reporter nearly took me off my feet.

"Ah!" he said, "I see you and I belong to the same profession."

He was at one end of it and I was at the other, which observation fairly describes the newspaper relations of Mr. Nixon and myself when I was a member of his staff; but I never saw the day when he was too absorbed to speak a friendly word to the humblest reporter, or evince a kindly feeling towards any toiler under The Inter Ocean roof. This has always been one of the pleasant memories of my early newspaper days.

Mr. Nixon has doubtless forgotten the fact, but it was he who ushered me into journalism. Not a city editor in Chicago would look at me, and I found bread and butter at last collecting subscriptions under the City Circulator of The Inter Ocean. When Mr. Nixon changed his method of circulating the paper my silver apple turned to ashes and I went to him with my story of baffled aspiration.

"Well, Adams," he said, "I have seen your work, and in my opinion you have a pair of very excellent legs. We'll have to give you a chance as a reporter."

It is thirty-one years since Mr. Nixon gave me the chance that most young men have to strive for as I did. I have long been out of the routine, but if I'm anything I am a newspaper man yet in feeling and in work.

Just a word to all my old friends around your table, and it comes from the bottom of my heart. In all my varied experiences I have never met a more companionable, finer lot of fellows than those I knew when we were boys together on The Inter Ocean; and I can only express my deep regret that I cannot be with you to talk over the good old times and to pay in person, as I do in thought, my tribute of esteem and respect to our old chief.

*New York.*

### *Walter Scott*

I received your invitation to the banquet in honor of William Penn Nixon with mingled feelings of deepest pleasure and sincere regret; pleasure, because of the fond recollections his name and those of my dear former associates on The Inter Ocean bring up before me; regret, because I find that I shall be unable to be among you on that auspicious occasion. I will, indeed, be with you in spirit, and would much prefer to be with you in person were the circumstances such that I could avail myself of the opportunity. To Mr. Nixon, let my name be linked with those who hold him in the highest esteem, both as employer and man.

*Plainfield, N. J.*

### *William Kennedy*

Your invitation at the hands of the "Old Inter Ocean Boys' Club" prompts a flow from memory's wellspring in such a flood that I fear to trust my command of language to properly set forth my feelings for the one in whose honor you meet tonight. Our vocabulary is none too generous in which to accord William Penn Nixon homage, as all of us have been beneficiaries of his kindness and forbearance while being strengthened and sustained by the patience and fortitude with which he endured our many shortcomings while undergoing the greatest ordeal in human experience, the building up of a great newspaper.

This, I must believe, is Mr. Nixon's imperishable achievement, and in my judgment it will become still more prominent as time goes on and a survey of the heroic sacrifices which his indomitable pluck and perseverance accomplished under the most difficult of circumstances.

My associations with Mr. Nixon began when The Inter Ocean was but a few days old, in the stable where it was born

and baptized on Congress street, early in 1872, almost a generation ago. In connection with the paper's history I have seen a grand galaxy of newspaper men pass before my vision, many of them becoming world-celebrated in their chosen vocation, while the institution itself, to which Mr. Nixon contributed so much, a power for good extending beyond the confines of the nation itself, and limited only by the bounds of civilization for promoting human welfare. This is indeed something of which to be proud, and it is a history that we all can cherish as fellow-workers in its creation.

In testifying to our deep sense of the esteem we have for Mr. Nixon, we but reflect honor upon ourselves, and those of us yet lingering in the field of activity can at least justify our affection for the man whose work has done so much to ennoble the newspaper profession, and one who has performed so many conspicuous acts as has the subject of our assemblage this evening.

*Chicago.*

#### *United States Senator Hansbrough*

I regret that I cannot be present at the dinner which is to be given in honor of William Penn Nixon. My connection with The Inter Ocean was of very brief duration, during the year of 1879, but I have always felt an interest in the welfare of the paper and of those connected with it, especially Mr. Nixon.

*Washington, D. C.*

#### *Frank W. Palmer*

I regret that I cannot be present on the occasion of the William Penn Nixon banquet to show by my presence my sincere respect for our old co-worker and friend. He did his full share in making The Inter Ocean a power in American journal-

ism, and I take great pleasure in uniting with his other associates in paying homage to his merits.

*Washington, D. C.*

*James*  
*Joseph G. Gibbs*

I am prevented by imperative business from meeting with the "old boys" to-night. I never regretted anything more than this enforced absence. Please convey my affectionate greetings to our honored chief William Penn Nixon, the grand old man of Western journalism, and to the dear friends of my youth, the "old boys" of The Inter Ocean.

*Norwalk, O.*

*L. White Busbey*

Please express to Mr. Nixon and the "Old Inter Ocean Boys" my sincere regrets over not being able to be with you next Tuesday night. I can think of nothing that would come nearer a restorative of youth than such a gathering, for we were all boys together in the old days and had the enthusiasm and loyalty of boys with the true comradeship of youth.

The "old boys" are now scattered, but they are, I am sure, true to the old Inter Ocean, and all desire to see it continue its distinguished and courageous career, standing for principles rather than men.

I regret that I cannot be with you to renew the old associations, and in doing so renew my own youth.

*Washington, D. C.*

*George E. Plumbe*

I will ask you to extend for me my warmest congratulations to the grayhaired "boys" who will have the pleasure of extend-

ing to William Penn Nixon this too long delayed recognition of his uniform kindness to and appreciation of the many who were so fortunate as to be, for a longer or a shorter time, under his direction. Few men who filled the trying position occupied by Mr. Nixon during my connection with the paper, down to the summer of 1876, could have endeared themselves to their employees so positively as did Mr. Nixon. Long life to him and all the "boys."

*Burlington, Ia.*

*Joseph L. Stickney*

The first work I ever did in journalism was done for The Inter Ocean in the spring of 1873, and I shall always remember my experience on its staff with pleasure.

I have never seen since, and I never expect to see again, in a city of equal size, such a spirit of fraternal goodfellowship as existed in Chicago while the ashes of the great fire—still warm in some places—were a continual reminder of the stress through which all the residents had passed.

I have the most kindly memories of our old chief, William Penn Nixon, to whom please present my wishes for good health and long life.

*New York.*

*Miss Minna Smith*

It is with sincere regret that I must write that I cannot be present on November 22, at the dinner to Mr. Nixon. I send my warm regards to him and to all the confrères of the old days.

*New York.*

*H. H. Kohlfaat*

I regret exceedingly a prior engagement, as I should like to join in any occasion in Mr. Nixon's honor and to meet the "Old Inter Ocean Boys." May you all "live long and prosper."

*Chicago.*

*John Halloran*

It can truly be said that in his dealings with his subordinates, old and young, William Penn Nixon was always kind, considerate, and patient. To all Chicagoans, rich or poor, he was always accessible. And last, but not least, the editor and controlling spirit of the old Inter Ocean stands to-day as he did years ago, the ideal American citizen and gentleman.

*Chicago.*

*George R. Hayman*

I greatly regret the fact that unavoidable circumstances prevent my participating. Although personally absent my feelings will be with you in doing honor to the "grand old man," whose ministrations were ever courteous, and with whom association was always a pleasure.

*Chicago.*

*Thomas O'Neill*

I will not be in the city on the 22d, when the banquet by The Inter Ocean boys is to be tendered to Mr. William Penn Nixon. But before I go, here is a health to Mr. Nixon, the honest man, the great journalist, the polished gentleman, the

unprejudiced American, who never regarded himself better than his hired man.

*Chicago.*

*Edward Freiberger*

I certainly regret that it will be absolutely impossible for me to sit at the festive board with you to-morrow and drink to the health of one who was long our chief, sometimes our adviser, and always our friend. Had I the time I would send you a book of reminiscences and tales of affection for one who knew how, in spite of many clouds, to make the staff of a great daily paper a large family clothed in sunshine, for there was never before or since a newspaper office where the staff was so much like a large family in love with its chief editor. Long life to William Penn Nixon.

*Chicago.*

*William Emmett Dennis*

It would give me great pleasure to be with you and do anything in my power for Mr. Nixon, as some of the most pleasant years of my life were spent on The Inter Ocean when Mr. Nixon was its manager. I often think of them and think how things have changed in the newspaper business since those very pleasant days.

*Chicago.*

*Horatio P. McKeown*

One day a big little man came to Chicago from Cincinnati and took charge of The Inter Ocean as general manager and director, with full control. Changes in and additions were made to the staff and equipment, and from that time the paper

began to win its way. That big little man was William Penn Nixon, whom you honor with this banquet. There was a struggle for years with active enemies and strong competitors. It was not always all sunshine in the counting room, and in the sanctum. But the same big little man managed and controlled and guided in both those important posts, and he finally won the great battle, and made The Inter Ocean a power in the land.

*Chicago.*

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